

John White's Thanksgiving. "Thankaglving!--for what?"

- and he muttered a curse "For the plainest of food and an empty purse; For a life of hard work and the shabblest clothes? But it's idle to talk

of a poor man's woes! Let the rich give thanks. it is they who can; There is nothing in life for a laboring man."

So said John White tobs = sod wife Jane. And o'erher face stole a look of pain. "Nothing, dear John?" and he thought again

Then glanced more kindly down on Jane. "I was wrong," he said: "I'd forgotten you; And I've my health, And the baby crowed -

'twas a bonneing boy And o'er Jane's face came a look of joy; And she kissed her John as he wast away: And he said to himself,

us he worked that day "I was wrong, ner wrong: I should surely be thankful for baby and Jane."

THANKSGIVING ROMANCE

cows to-night; I thing of your brother." said Mrs. Edwards, peering through the many-paned, square window that was almost covered with

woodbine from which a few remaining leaves flut ered in the October wind and sunshine. "He thought he would be home an hour before sundown, but the roads are not very good this time of year and it is a long way to the Nurse farm. You better go at once Elizabeth, it gets dark early, and it is quite a walk to the Neck'

"Very well, mother; it won't take five minutes to finish these rolls." The shining steel spindle gave out a resonant hum; the wheel great of span but light of motion, few a: the deft touch of her lit le brown hand as she tripped across the white, sanded floor, drawing a firm, smooth thread. Time was that Elicabeth Edwards sang like a bird at her spinning-wheel, but now her work was done quietty, and only on the Sabbath, in the little meetinghouse, was her sweet, strong voice heard leading the tenor with a great, earnest forgetfulness

Mrs. Edwards rose from her straightbacked chair and folded away the last of her mending into a tall chest of drawers. She turned and examined Eli abeth's work criticaliy. "You are haven't heard any word from Recom- them that an rast Indiaman was coma good spinner, Elizabeth; your yarn looks I ke mother's."

Elizabeth colored slightly. Her grim again. "I will set the wheel back and put the yarn away, daughter; do you go at once."

hair that would curl in pite of her mother's anxious care, who deemed it is Goodwife Sylvester's. Good-day." a "stumbling block," put on her cloak and a small, close-fitting, black-velvet hood and started in search of the cows. Great trees of primeval forest still shaded Main street, but they were almost bare and great drifts of leaves rustled underneath her feet or were chased in a "merry-go-round" before her. She walked quickly on, the breeze ruffed the curls on her white forehead: her eyes-dark as the brook hidden from the sky where the brown

and brow. "Good day to you, Elizabeth." She started and looked around her,

face unwatched, a sorrow almost of

despairs owed in the lines of mouth

laugh like the ecno of human laugh- giving: the greater part of ter, a little, old woman hobbled on arations for the day had been meac, her cane from behind a gray tree in Twenty-four toothsome mince pies the bend of the road.

"Ah. good-day. Goodwife Williams, on the store-room shelves. The towis It is you who are playing hide and to be sacriff ed were feeding in a sepseek, is it?" said Elizabeth with no arate pen in great ama ement at their pleasure in her voice.

"Yes, it's me And you are going oven was to be heated and one do en after the cows are you? Well, I will pumpkin pies would be taken therebea you company a part of the way. from, yellow and crusty. The I hear Goodwite Sylvester is like to old, red cradle was brought die of her last sickness, and I feel that from the attic. It was fortunately big I must exhort her ere it is too late to enough to hold the two youngest give up her allegiance to the Scarlet grandchildren. The spare beds were Woman (meaning the established En siring and everything was in neate t glish church). She has been stub- order. Elizabeth had no time to think born; I fear me she will prove a fire- of herself, there had been so much to brand of hell." and she shook her do. She was weary, body and soul, trembling head forebodingly. "That's when night came, and sank into her a fine cloak you have: did you weave high-post feather-bed with a sigh of it yourself? You did. Well, well, relief. She drew the snow-white muswhat a capable maiden you are, you lin curtains and tied her little night-can turn your hand to anything. It's cap over her ears tightly and tried to lucky vou wern t born in my day with shut out the haunting sound of the your black eyebrows gr wing togeth- autumn wind and rain-the distant er, your close mouthed way and sound of the sea that weighed so on charms in sickness, you would have her poor heart-and fell asleep with a been a fine figure for 'Gallows Hill,' " prayer upon her lips for 'those who go and the old woman laughed her spite- down to the sea in ships." ful echo of a laugh and peered at "Poor Elizabeth," the neighbors Elizabeth with her dim, deep set eyes | said, "is wasting the best years of her "What do you mean by my charmain life waiting for Recompense King. He sickness? asked Elizabeth, flushing was as handsome and noble a young

angrily.

"Oh, bless me, if the 'cap don't fit, there is no chance of his being in the don't put it on.' I only say what I land of the living now; if he is he has no notion of marry ng Eli abeth Ed-T 18 GETTING sickness. The whole town knows how wards or she would hear from him. late, Elizabeth, I bewitched Caleb Green's little girl was There are others who would be willguess you will when she had the fever; she couldn't ing to step into his shoes-but there, have to get the | aleep unless you held her hand "

"Then say what you mean and don't so uppish." don't see any bring up the wicked folly of past gen.



erations: I don't care to hear such idle gentle rap of a knife-handle and 'that talk!" said Elizabeth in great annoy- will do children," from Grandsire subance, hastening her step .

"Oh, wait, deary," said the old woman, clutching her cloak with bird- ered the little flock about her in claw fingers, "I'm not going much answer to a demand for a story, and further with you. How is your honored father and mother?" "They are well," said Elizabeth them of the giant Goliath and the

briefly. "Now, I suppose, Elizabeth, you mourning or him. I would like to overdue. Soon all Derby street was mother was rarely betrayed into | raise ask you as a friend if you don't think thronged with excited citizens, and of any living creature, and to have you are wasting valuable time waither work likened to her grandmother's, ing for him? You're getting on, ing its surface grooved with concentration of the waither was now a waller out the waither was now as wall was now a waller out the waither was now as wall who was now a "glorious sainniet Elizabeth; why you must be turned of heaven," was a great praise inded - the fust corner -let me see, you was as unexperted as it was de-tive and twenty the thirteenth of last served. Mrs. Edwards considered June. When I was your age I was a self-pride a great sin and she did wife and mother of four children. It's not feel it upon her con-cience that she going on twe years since Recompen e had ever fostered it in her children. sailed. You are too good looking a Their childish love of approbation had maid to be left 'to dance in the kettle.' always gone hungry, and she felt she These scataring men are uncertain the had done her duty even though the best of times; then there is no doubt "well done" that justice demanded that these pirates on the East Indie had been withheld. So her face grew coast killed them all. They say those Godless pagans are worse than our Indians. Your sisters are all settled in comfortable homes of their own, Elizabeth took off her blg apron, and you are fading, Elizabeth; my old tried to smooth down the rich, brown eyes can see it plain enough, you look your age, every day of it. Well, here

Eli abeth, pale and trembling, burried out of reach of the unanswerable maliciousness of the shrill old voice. Stung in every nerve, a few hot tears burnt her cheeks, but the waters of sorrow were absorbed in her ps lent heart and seldom dimmed her sad eyes. sail was in sight. She looked aroundthere was no one near. Loosening her leaves fall-glowed deeply, sadly: hung half a silver sixpense, warm children, who loved her fondly. the now that she was alone and felt her with the beating of her true heart's shrank from the arrival of ships that with the beating of her true heart's shrank from the arr val of ships that Under its terms it will cost a Georgian love. She si ently pressed it to her brought her no tidings from her sailor. lips and her heart said. "We shall "If there is any further message for more sea.

before she was near enough for friend She looked seaward-alas! no white to recognize friend, and all waited impatiently for her to come to anchor. The Edwards family had gone with cloak, she pulled out a tiny, black- the rest of the neighbors, leaving ilk cord from her bosom. At the end | Flirabeth to her wonted care of the

"If there is any further message for thirty-five years of age, and on a rising meet again: if not in this life, then in me I will hear it soon enough," said scale of \$25 for five years a man of another, where there shall be no blizabeth to herself on the arrival of sixty and over will be at the expense the last ship that cam with the news of \$100 per annum for the privilege of but could see no one. With an uncanny It wanted just one week of Thanks that the "Ocean Wave" had been going without a wife.

captured by pirates and the erew all

So this Thanksgiving night she sat with the little flock about her, the two youngest in her arms, telling all the Bible stories she could think of and had just commenced to tell the story of the little Hebrew babe that the beautiful Princess took from his watery cradle. She heard the returning steps of the neighbors and their animated conversation. Their own gate opened and slammed to; the snow cendened the footfalls; she listened a second but baby voices clamored 'go on!' and she resumed her story. The dining-room door opened sud denly: she put the babies on the rug to see what was wanted. With a faint cry she stood still, her face white as death. She stretched her trempling bancs .-

"Recompense?" "Yes, my own Dess! Don't be frightened, it is no ghost that holds you; could a ghost kiss like this-and this-and this, my own sweetheart "

Re ompense king had a wonderful story to tell the two assembled families that night, of how the vessel had been becalmed a dat night the pirates came down on her. By a little stratagem he had inspired hem with awe and his life was sparch. After a time he had made himself a leader among them and overcame their prejudi e sufficiently to es ablish a trading port. He signalled the "Admiral" who was becalined in the Strats, embarked a rare cargo and after many promises to return was allowed to leave his sub-

"I thought my dear old mother would be wearing blak for me and by this it would be time for 'second mourning,' so I brought her and the girls lavender silks '-

"All acike" screamed the girls 'nin t that just like a man'" But for my bonny Less I've a silk rich enough to stand alone, as white as milk, a ace veil like a spiler-wed. and a ring of yetlow Gumea gold, and we all know what they are for," he said, kissing her burning check.

Thanksgiving Day. he soft gray dawn of Thanksgiving day Has parted the curtains of night, "I the world agakes with its hopes and

fears. beginning its life of smiles and tears With the new-torn morning's light. There are cheerful bearts and lives that are

were ranged about the great pudding

Inxurious fare. Once again the big

it's no use talking to Elizabeth, she is

Tha ksgiving day dawned bright

and clear, with good sleighing. The

whole town went to church and list-

ened to a sermon over an hour in

length, and prayers in proportion. They sang the One Hundredth Psalm,

and by that time everybody was ready

for dinner. Grandsire Edwards was of

the opinion that the children ought so

sit at the table with their elders ac-

cordingly the dining room was pie ed

out with the kitchen table and they

made a soberly joyous company. They

were duly impressed with the good old

saving that children should be seen but

not heard." and any unseenly disorder

was promptly quelled by the awful

threat that "the tidy man would get

them." But toward the end of the

feast, while nuts and cider were dis-

cussed-with something stronger for

the elders, for these were not blue

ribbon days-a mild hilarity reigned,

and when Grandstre Edwards cracked

a joke the chi dren improved the oc-

casion to let out their pent-up spirits

and laughed bosterously until a

After dinner Aunt Elizabeth gath-

while the twilight came on they sat

before the great fire piace as a e told

Soon Ar. Edwards came in and told

qued them

brave stripling David.

Which wake to this dr of praise: And those whose hearts for a weary which Have loug forgotten the Joy and smile Of life's sunsulny da. s.

Some of us walk in sunlit paths, Where flowers grow bright and fair. And some of us trend with the! feet Where shadows and sorrows daily meet, And the flowers of life are rare.

Let those who gather the joys o: So easily day by day. Remember the lives that are gor wa and And, remembering, strive to make them

And lighten the somber gray Which tints the hearts of the lonely poor, And hides from their eyes the light That God has meant to shine for all As over the world the sun! sams full

Thanksgiring at the Jal-

To scatter the shades of night.



Thanksgiving Day Visitor-And what are you in for my good man? Colored Ir soner-Nothing. Visitor-For nothing!

Colored Prisoner-Yes, sah: I tried to get tukey for last Thanksgiving day, but got nothing. See ?

Where Murbles are Made.

Almost all the "marbles" with which boys amuse themselves in season and out of season, on pavements and in shady spots are made at therstein. Cermany. There are many large agate quarries and mills in that neighborhood, and the refuse is turned to good account in providing the small stone balls for experts to "knu kle down" pense King. I see last Sabbath his ing up the harbor. She was thought with. The stone is broken into small mother and the two maids have put on to be the "Admiral," who was a month cubes by blows of a light hammer. These small blocks of stone are thrown by the shovelful into the hopper of a tric furrows: above this is the "runner." which is or hard wood. having a level face on its lower surface. The upper block is made to revolve rapidly, water being delivered upon the grooves of the tedstone where the mariles are being rounded. It takes about fif een minutes to finish a bushel of good martles realy for the lovs' knuckels. One mill will turn out 160,000 per week.

Royal f cidemy Pictures.

According to the official records of the Royal Academy 25‡ pi tures have been sold for \$18,000 this season. Of cour e this does include the rumerous pictures which were sold before they were sent to Eu lington House. (1 these 254, thirty-two sold for upward of \$100, twenty-five for between £50 and £ 0), and the remainder went for £50 and under.

A Tax on Bachelora Georgia is going to tax bachelors. A bill for that purpose has leen brought into the Georgia legislature and the house committee on hygiene and sanitation has reported it favorably. \$25 to begin the bachelor business at LEFT YESTERDAY.

A Pathews Story which Bears Relation to Thunkagiving.

As Thanksgiving approaches it is well for disunited friends and families to think of getting together again. I ife is too short and too failed trouble for us to waste any of it in hate, or even in indifference. A loveress lite is death, with at the quietude and re t then drew himself up again. He of death. We live only while we love.

You have been deeply wonged and your family di graced, out at this season of the year it is good to remember that the doer of a wrong is far more anfortunate than the sufferer of a wrong. The man who e pocket-book is stolen can reckon up his loss and put it down up n paper in f gures, but no one can reckon or express the calamity of the man who stole it. Though he be man enough to repent and be ashamed, he has degraded himself forever in his own esteem; if he is not, it were better he had never been born. What is the wrong he has done you compared with the wrong he has done himself? You lose \$10. He has made himself a thief!

There was an incident at a prison the other day which brings home the duty of forgiveness in a very affecting manner. The prison postmaster related it. Holding up a let er, he said:

"Here is a letter that will never accomplish its mission. The one to whom it was writ en looked anxio sly for it for nearly two years. He had written home, but no answer had ever been re eived. Every day he was wailing for one, and as I saw the look of sadness graw deeper, and dispair gradually displace expectancy. it became a sad duty for me to pass his-

On the last morning he said to me, 'It's all over now my childhood and my childhood's home are gone. I gu ss my folks never want to hear from me uga n an I they never will

"He left the prison yesterday, and to day this letter came it contained the-" several family photographs, but it came one day too late.

The man had token a westward train and could not be traced, and the letter had to be returned to his family in New England, blacing the words, "Left yesterday."

It is very probable that the family had purposely withheld this token of forgiveness until the end of his term, thinking perhaps to enhance the beneficial e ect of his punishment by thus increasing its severity. It was a pity. A long term of imprisonment, to a erson not totally depraved, is misery enough, and it has no regenerating power except through its alleviations -a warder's encouraging word, a privilege purchased by good conduct, a wisely ordered Sunday service, the visit of a friend, kind letters from home.

That letter and its photographs would have flooded the poor fellows cell with hope, if it had come sooner.

Nottin' On at All.



It has always puzzied me,' Said our little Alice with a Look of deep perp exity. "How is it that when I am dressed I

And when the turkey's dressed for us She's got no hin' on at all?"

Wear my hat, and frock, and shawl;

Not Generally Known, The valaces of the rulers of the old world are built without regard to expenses. The empress of Austria's new palace at Corfu has cost £126,000. The bill for the wood carvings in the Pompelian suite of seven rooms, which is the great feature of the house, amounted to £3,000.

In the Antartic ocean the icebergs that have been noticed from time to time rose 400, 5-0, 50 and even 1.000 china is dear to her heart, but she can feet above the water, and were from three to five miles long. Their enormous bulk may be inferred from the fact that the part under water is about seven times as large as that above.

The Fresno Expositor thinks the Lower California earthquake story is one of Co onel Alley's best," and that t will "go ringing down the ages with the pterodactyls, the Arizona wild man, the Banning glacier, Fan Diego s lake of ink. the suicide's ice cavern, and lose itself in the Oregon mammonth cave."

What the Day Bilogs.



Thou bring'st the ruby cranberry, And to keys dressed in toothsome ways; And on Thanksgiving morning we Lift up our heartiest hypins of praise. The footbs I player madly plays. Beril boned Sophs and Freshmen cheer O'er them that wear the Rugby bays, In this the twilight of the year,

MADE NO FUSS ABOUT IT.

Quirtly Focksted the Five Deligie and Had a Good Dinner.

They were standing on a Southelde horse can when the taller man of the two suddenly let go of the strap. stooped down, picked up something on the floor, put it in his vest pocket and maintained his composure and silence with an apparent effort till the car neared Fifth avenue and Springfield street, when he walked out to the platform and said to the conductor: "I've found something valuable on the floor of the car. If anybody reports a less to you, you can refer them to me; my name is ---, and I can be found at " Then both men left the car, says the Pittsburg Dispatch. ·Did you notice how I managed

that? I made no fuss; didn't say a word, but just pocketed it quietly,' said the taller man, and without waiting for answer or comment he went on: Now if you'd found it you'd have got excited, and told the whole car about it, and somebody to whom it didn't belong would have claimed it. It's a

how you announce a find like that You can't be too careful." .. What was it?" asked his companion

lesson to you, my boy, to be careful

"A five-dollar bill," was the reply, and a genuine fiver came out of his vest pocket to substantiate the asserton. Of course if the owner of the bill claims it I shall pay it over, but to present intents and purposes it's mine. I propose that we have a nice little dinner and a bottle, ch?"

"I'm in favor of the dinner," said the other, 'but badn't we better go slow and save some change out of

"No, eir," interrupted the lucky discoverer, "We'll have a good dinner and wash it down with the very best." And they had as good a dinner as a man can get in Pittsburg; a plain meal without more frills than a small bottle of wine constitutes. As they were gently puffing the smoke of two Henry Clays across the table, after the waiter had carried away all but ten conts or so of the five dollars, the gentleman with the entirely uncarned dinner under bis vest remarked: . That was deucedly odd, your finding the bill on the floor. I wonder whose it was? It couldn't have belonged to you, could it?"

"Of course not," replied his host you're the blankdest fellow I ever knew for imagining absurd things. The bill was dropped by --- ' As he spoke he had been unconcernedly thrusting his fingers into his pockets, but as he passed from his vest to his trousers' pockets, and from thence tothe change pocket in his coat his hand moved more rapidly, and at the words "dropped by" his face flushed and his left hand joined his right in a. ghtning search of all the cavities and lucking places of his clothes.

"Great scott! that five dollars was mine!" he exclaimed.

A FEMININE WEAKNESS.

When the Poor Woman Over Comes It, No One Appreciates It.

Fully half the virtues for which their owners are praised are of spontaneous growth, and really reflect very little credit upon those who practise them, says Harper's Bazar.

Let us take a case in point-that of a woman who has a pet extravagance. It is teacups. She loves pretty clothes. but she can gaze at the latest fabrics in the windows of dry goods shops without being tempted to purchase, and can even survey, unshaken, invoices of Parisian millinery, gowns, and gloves. She has a sweet tooth, but when occasion requires she can steer a steady course between Purssell's and Arnaud's or Huyler's and Deane's without swerving to the right or to the left. But when she nears a china shop, her steps falter.

Strange to say, the very high-priced shops do not most beguile her. Her attraction is toward those fascinating little establishments that display cards bearing the legends. Special Sale! Great Reduction!! Marked Down!!! Like a moth to a candle, is she drawn towards the place of temptation. All resist plates, teapots, and even creamjugs, of which every housekeeper knows one can never have too many. But when she beholds a cup and saucer ticketed . Only 24 cents," she is sure to succumb. She can hold out a trifle longer it she reads 39 cents, and twice she has been known to walk on, with an air of dignity, as far as the corner, before she could make up her mind to go in and buy the cup and saucer billed, "For to-day only, 50 cents," Don't think she is reckless in her selection. She always prefers pretty china, and generally shows excellent taste, but she will buy even a plant cup sooner than refuse a bargain.

Now this woman is known as a good wife and mother. She is praised for her housekeeping, which she like for her devotion to her husband and children, whom she adores for her pleasant, cordial manner, which is entirely natural, and for her philanthropy and benevolence, which are innate. But should she tell of the times when she scores a veritable moral victory by crossing the street to keep away from the china shop, or recites poetry to herself to aid her in forgetting an advertisement of a Closing-out Sale, Cups and Saucers of fine Doulton, Copeland, and Limoges at only 63 cents apiece, every one would laugh, and no one would think it worth while to account her resist. ance of temptation as a long step in the path of self-control and self-denial.

Which goes to prove the force of the sentence that preludes this truthful narrative.

A bet is a fool's argument, but it is a very good argument to use with a fool; and the bigger the fool the bigger the argument-both financially and otherwise -Murray's Magazine.